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"What fools these mortals be!"

Puck

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THE TWO BAR'LS.

THE BAR'L OF '88 TO THE BAR'L OF '92.—Take the scoop, Whitelaw—they get no more out of me!



PUCK.

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Editor - - - - - H. C. Bunner.

Wednesday, July 6th, 1892. — No. 800.

CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

THIS IS LIKELY to be a disastrous campaign for the Floater. We are not speaking of the purchasable Floater — the Floater who, gathered with others of his kind in "blocks of five," by the ingenious Mr. Dudley, swung the grand old state of Indiana into the Republican column in November of 1888. The purchasable element of the "floating vote" is comparatively small: nine Floaters out of ten can lay their hands upon their breasts and make unchallenged profession of personal integrity. And yet the Floater is about as mischievous a factor in politics as it is possible to conceive of; and his multiplication of late years has been both annoying and alarming. The Floater seems to have grown naturally enough out of the course of American politics; and yet on the face of things he is a queer, unnatural, un-American sort of thing who looks out of place here. He would be comprehensible enough in Russia or in any other despotic country where the clam idea of citizenship is encouraged by the state; but there is not much excuse for him in our healthier civilization. Yet we have him here, and too much of him — far, far too much of him to suit anybody who cares in the least for self-respect and serious purpose in the conduct of public affairs.

The Floater is the man who "does not take much interest in politics," except to cast his vote — that is, to do the one thing that he ought not to do without taking a great deal of interest. In this he is a good deal like the drug-clerk who does not care much about finding out what the drugs are in the bottles, but who does like to put up prescriptions. He has no convictions that amount to anything, and he has two set phrases with which to make excuse for this lamentable deficiency. He "has n't had time to study these matters," and he "guesses the country will get along all right anyway" — on the ground that it has got along all right so far. Please observe that even if this last proposition were true — and it makes no account of the long agony of the Civil War, which sprang directly from a nation's neglect of obvious duty — the logic of the inference is worthy only of the Irishman who said that he did not care for the two witnesses who could swear that they saw him steal the shovel, as he could bring twenty who could swear that they did n't. In his own private and personal life the Floater never talks any such nonsense to himself. Even though he has once or twice got his clothes wet without catching cold, he does not make a practice of going around in wet clothing and defying the Grip. He finds "time to study these questions" when they relate to the comfort or well-being of himself or his household; and he is always willing to acquaint himself thoroughly with his own trade or business; it is only the business of the national household that he can not find time to bother with — "except to cast his vote."

But how does a man cast his vote who does n't take interest enough to get up a conviction as to how that vote ought to be cast? Does he flip up a cent for it? Oh, no! we only wish he did. Then, perhaps, he would be as often right as wrong. But he won't do anything so nearly harmless. He is willing to use the intellectual powers that nature gave him — but not to find out why he ought to vote this way or that way for this man or that cause: he only wants to find out which side is going to win, so that he may vote with that side. That's the way the Floater votes. If he has guessed right, he is proud and contented; if he has n't happened to hit it right, and the man he voted for is defeated at the polls, he feels something remotely resembling shame — at least he is ashamed of the candidate whom he supported; and if he can lie about how he cast his vote, he will. You think this sort of thing is very contemptible? So do we. Yet it is astonishing to see how many otherwise decent, reputable, honest men are guilty of just this slipshod unmanliness in their use — or abuse — of their rights of citizenship. And the worst of it all is that when you get a genuine hardened case of Floater, you can not by any possible argument or example make him understand that what he is doing is wrong and cowardly and foolish, and that there is nothing shameful about defeat so long as you don't desert your colors or turn your coat.

The Floater will not believe that anyone else takes things any more seriously and bravely than he does. You can not make him understand that if the rest of the population of the United States had as much mush

in its moral make-up, per individual, as he has in his, this would not be the great nation that it is, nor, probably, any nation at all, or anything better than the servile dependency of the first healthy People with principles and a backbone, who wanted to annex us. For the Floater, of course, takes a profoundly shrewd and cynical view of this wicked world. Most men who can't see more than an inch beyond their noses take a cynical view of this world. That is natural. It comes from their limited range of observation. You may lay before the Floater reasons for voting for this candidate rather than for the other; you may set before him the principles that bind men together in their adherence to an important cause; but you can not convince him that your talk comes from your heart, and not only from your mouth. He is quite sure that you are not such a fool as to be guided by principles that may turn out to be unpopular, and he is moved by your advocacy only in so far as he suspects from your confidence that you must be in possession of secret information which makes you sure that your side is going to win. He casts his mental eye along his moral nose and judges you by himself.

The Floater is at once the creation and the strength of the whole class of politicians who believe in "smartness" first, last and all the time — a class that ranges from men of real ability, who misuse valuable gifts in trying to teach the young men of the country that it is better to be President than to be Right, down to the scaliest little Forakers and Hills who ever tried to bluff the world with their vulgar and impudent pretensions. These men live — and die — by the Floater. If the voters of the nation were all or mostly Floaters, such men would be always in power. That they so rarely achieve any permanent success is ample proof of the fact that the majority of American citizens are not Floaters, have no sympathy with Floaters, and do not propose to conduct their political business after the Floater's fashion. That is, indeed, something more than a fact. It is a very large truth which the Floater and his smart politicians seem incapable of learning or understanding. The smart politician believes that all he has to do to get elected is to convince all the Floaters that he is going to get elected, and the Floater on his part regards political smartness as far-and-away the most important element of success in the public contest. To the Floater the government of the country depends upon the accuracy of his guess, and he will cherish this idea so long as lucky guessing throws his lot with the majority. But on occasions when rank smartness, with neither honesty nor worth to back it, is squarely set against men and ideas which mean more to the great conscientiously voting mass of good citizens, the inevitable happens, and the Floater finds that he is not the great big thundering wave, but only a little frothy streak of insignificant foam on the top of it. The Floater of the Hill variety has just learned such a useful and valuable lesson at Chicago; and as the coming campaign bids fair to be conducted on questions of out-and-out principle, we hope and trust that it will be full of equally salutary surprises to this and all other varieties of Floater, Republican or Democratic. The Floater is distinctly an un-American institution.



JUST AS MUCH FUN AND NO DANGER.

COL. BLOOD. — Well, sir, I thoroughly agree with you — it is a mistake to discourage Northern enterprise by promiscuous shooting; but, remember, we are a high-spirited people, and can't break off the habits of a life-time at once. If a man insults me I shoot — that's all there is about it — what do you advise?

NORTHERN CAPITALIST. — Use blank cartridges!



A SOFT SNAP.

LIVING SKELETON (*grumpily*).—The two-headed man makes me tired! He wants the earth.

WILD MAN OF BORNEO.—What's the matter with him, Sims?

SKELETON.—He gets two meals to my one; don't he? He smokes with one mouth and chews with the other; and he can whistle and sing both at the same time. He says he is going to vote twice at the coming election, and I saw him kissing two different girls at the same time last night. And yet he wears only one suit of clothes, and rides on a single railway ticket. He wants the earth!

APHORISMS.

(From the Persian of Rhug Kharpat.)

THE WORLD comes to him who waits; but he is dead when it gets there.

THE TORTOISE once beat the hare; but the hare is not so sleepy nowadays. It has n't happened since.

HARD WORDS break no bones; there are no bones in the heart.

BREAD AND cheese and kisses — flavored with cheese.

READING MAKETH a full man; but it may not affect the pocket-book in the same way.

REVOLUTION is preached by those on the lowest part of the wheel. Those on top are sure there's not enough to go round.

THE LANDLORD is thinking of the rent in his pocket; he does n't see the hole in the roof.

MEN ARE a good deal like hammers. Their "blow" is much more effective when they have a handle to their name.

A GOOD NAME is different from other kinds of property. The best way to keep it from being stolen is to leave it open to the inspection of all.

HOWEVER THE advertiser may degrade high art, we will never see the Venus of Milo used as a sign by the glovemakers.



A COOL CALLER.

MISS DUKKETS.—Did you tell Mr. Getthere I was not in?

BRIDGET.—I did, Mum.

MISS DUKKETS.—What did he say?

BRIDGET.—He said, "Well, tell her to come down as soon as she is in." He's in the parlor.

CONCERNING BATHING SUITS.

It is noticed that bathing suits this year at the seaside resorts are a great deal more numerous, but less.

AT ATLANTIC CITY.

"I hired a baby carriage from you, did n't I?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, that vehicle you sent me is, at least, twenty years old. That's no baby carriage."

A POSER.

She's a student of graceful expression,
Her movements are all works of art,
And — candor compels the confession —
She puzzles me with her Delsarte.
I tell her I love her sincerely;
She scorns in mere words to reply,
So I watch till I'm prostrated, nearly,
Her pose and the droop of her eye.

I read all the books I can borrow
In hope that her meaning I'll find.
But, alas! when I call, on the morrow,
My Cupid, I see; is still blind.
It may be love, hate, fear or sadness

Her manner is meant to imply;
I know not. They'll drive me to madness,
Her pose and the droop of her eye.

Philander Johnson.



A VEXING PROBLEM.

"How did you like it in the West?"

"Not very well. It took too much attention to find out just when to throw up your hands and when to lay down your hands."

A FLATTERING ENDORSEMENT.

"Yes; that is my counterfeit presentment," said Bleecker, of New York, as he displayed his new full-length oil portrait to Mr. Livewayte, of Chicago. "Ah!" replied Livewayte, as he surveyed the picture with an effort to be critical, "it does n't look genuine, does it?"

THE POINT OF VIEW.

"Upson Downes is very fast, is n't he?"

"His tailor says not. Says he's very slow."

NONE WAS REQUIRED.

"And when you asked her to wed, she declined?"

"Yes; she dismissed me without ceremony."

HOOKED.

SHE.—What would you do, if you were rich?

HE.—Ask you to be my wife.

SHE.—And I should say "yes." It is better to be born lucky than rich.

A FAST YOUNG MAN.

IT.—Gwacious me, Hoffy, what-evah's the mattah with youah clock? Wun down?

THE OTHER.—N-a-w; Lunnon time.

VERILY, MY SON, wrath is nursed on the bottle; kind Mother Nature has no food for it.

The Runaway Browns.

A Story of Small Stories

By H.C. Bunner.

(Began in PUCK, No. 791, May 4th, 1892.)

CHAPTER XVII.

It was a beautiful Summer afternoon, and their road wound its way up the hillside by easy grades. It was warm; but there were little refreshing puffs of breeze every now and then; and the two Browns sat up on their high perch and enjoyed the day and the drive and their own company and the slow, gradual, happy digestion of their dinners. The little sorrel mare had completed the digestion of *her* dinner, and now she tried



to show that she felt her oats, and was duly grateful therefor, by switching her tail, snorting, and from time to time trying to introduce a sort of skip, or hitch-and-kick combination into her regular trot. But the tranquil condition of joy which enfolded the Browns grew more and more like simple old-fashioned slumber, until late in the afternoon, as the sun was beginning to settle down in the western sky, Adèle suddenly gave a nervous start, grasped her husband by the arm, and gazed in his face with a look of horror.

"Paul," she cried, "do you know what we've done?"

"N—No," said Paul, who was n't quite awake yet; "I did n't know we'd done anything."

"That's just it," said Adèle, impressively. "What have we done? Nothing; absolutely nothing."

"I don't understand you at all, my dear," said Paul, desperately puzzled. "First you say we have done something, and then you say we have n't done anything."

"Paul Brown," said Adèle, with tragic solemnity, as she held up the price-list before him and pointed with her fore-finger to the line:

"Lxx—33 1/3—10—2, 1 off for cash Zmx net. 30 days."

"What did we start out to do? To sell tinware! At farm-houses! Now look there!"

She made Paul turn and look down the long expanse of gently sloping hillside up which they had been climbing all the afternoon. They could see the road back of them for miles and miles, bordered right and left by a continuous succession of thriving farms, every one of which might have contained at that moment some faithful housewife with a heart half breaking for a new outfit of tinware.

They gazed in silence, but Adèle's lips moved softly. She was counting.

"There are twenty-three of them," she said at last, "not including the flagman's little house at the railroad crossing."

"I don't think he'd want anything in our line," said Paul, snatching at a crumb of comfort.

"You can't tell," Adèle corrected him, with severity. "He might want—a tin cup—or a cuspidor—we have both."

"Well," Paul suggested, somewhat feebly, "there are plenty more farm-houses left."

"They can never take the place of those farm-houses to me," said Adèle. "They are twenty-three opportunities lost, and something makes me feel *sure* that every one of them would have bought something. The very next house we come to," she concluded sternly, "you must sell them something, even if you have to sell it at a sacrifice. I don't mean to go to sleep to-night without saying we really have peddled."

Paul shook his head doubtfully.

"We are getting pretty near the top of this hill, or mountain, or whatever you call it," he said, "and I don't believe we'll come across any more houses until we get over into the next valley. I don't think anybody lives up here."

But Paul was mistaken. A turn in the road suddenly brought them in



sight of a house, at least a sort of house—the sort of house that somehow always seems to get into picturesque situations on mountain-tops and in other desirable pieces of scenery—a perfectly plain, square, frame-house, with about as much architecture to it as a shoe-box stood on end. A thin, gaunt woman, with a forbidding face, sat in the doorway. She had a wooden platter in her lap, and was viciously hashing something. Paul objected strongly to making her his first customer.

"Anyone who would build a house like that in a place like this does n't deserve to have tin," he said. "I don't believe that woman knows what tin is. She probably uses galvanized iron, or some such thing as that."

But Adèle would not listen to him.

"No, Paul, it is business; and you must sink your prejudices. Take her this saucepan—I suppose she fries *everything*—and see if you can sell her anything else."

So Paul resignedly took the saucepan, and leaving Adèle in the wagon, marched off to the house. He was gone about three minutes. When he returned his face was very red. He put the saucepan back in the wagon, climbed to his seat without saying a word, and started up the horse.

"What was the matter, Paul?" asked Adèle. "Would n't she buy the saucepan?"

"No," said Paul.

"What did she say, Paul?"

"She said she did n't want any saucepans."

"Was that all?"

"No," said Paul.

"What else did she say?"

"She asked me if I sold boilers."

"And what did you say?"

"I told her 'yes.'"

"Well?"

"Then she asked the price."

"And you told her?"

"Yes."

"And then what did she say?"

"She asked me where I'd buried the tin-peddler."

"Oh, Paul! What could you have told her!"

"I told her correctly. I remembered about the boilers, because the price was marked on them. I said 'fifteen cents.'"

"Oh, Paul dear, will you never learn?" cried Adèle. "Fifteen cents for a great big wash-boiler, the largest thing we have in the wagon!"

"Big?" repeated Paul, in a dazed way. "A boiler big? Why I thought—" here a sudden light broke in on him—"Great Scott, Adèle!" he shouted, "I was thinking of *strainers*."

"Oh, you dear stupid boy," said Adèle. "What a goose! Well, you'll have to drive back and explain to her. You can say you're absent-minded, or something of that sort."

"My dear," said Paul, "I would n't go back and face that woman again for all the tinware in the civilized world!"



CHAPTER XVIII.

They drove on for ten minutes before Paul spoke again, evidently at the end of a long train of thought.

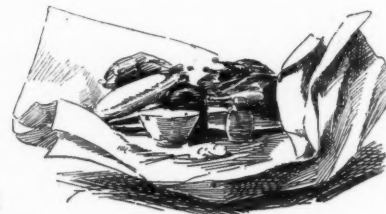
"Now, Bassett," he said, just as if Adèle had been following him all the time; "Bassett would never have done that. Mr. Bassett certainly had his suspicions, there's no denying it. But he knew I was n't a horse-thief."

Adèle smiled behind her hand to see the conqueror of the mighty Bassett thus cast down by a lone lorn woman.

"My dear," she said, "*nobody* in the *world* would take you for a horse-thief. That old creature has probably lived up here all alone until she is half crazy."

This reflection seemed to cheer Paul up immensely; and, being reminded, by the mention of the name of Bassett, of the fat parcel that their late hosts had given them, they hauled it forth and examined it. It was a characteristic Bassett bundle. Its big folds contained four Spring-chickens deliciously broiled, several kinds of pie, some dairy-cheese and pot-cheese, slices of cold ham, a little bottle of mustard, a paper "screw" of pepper and salt, and a small flask of the unapproachable schnapps.

The realization of the fact that they were hungry, which somehow came to them with the sight of these good things, brought them face-to-



face with another exciting and interesting truth—they were about to camp out for the first time, and to sleep in their own wagon. This put them suddenly into a new flutter of life. Speaking in a general way, their situation was admirably adapted to this end; for, as Adèle remarked, there was n't a soul within miles, except the old woman, if she could properly be called a soul. The only thing they had to do was to find water, for they had quite forgotten to bring any with them. Fortunately, they were not long in discovering a little creek, almost dried up, but with a thin thread of water still trickling among the hillside rocks. Near by there was a patch of dry mountain grass, where they tethered Sorrellina or Tinninna — for the choice of her name still hung in the balance. They would have liked to push on to the top of the hill while it was yet light, but, as the little creek rose in a neighboring bog, they concluded that it was best to stay near the base of supplies. So when the animal with the glut of names had been made comfortable, they began to build their fire. This was rather a tedious operation, for there seemed to be very little dead wood. Paul might have cut some fat pine knots, but he had forgotten to provide himself with a hatchet or a saw, when he was sampling the stock of Mr. Bassett's friend. His entire tool-chest consisted of a can-opener and a monkey-wrench, and was frankly and shamelessly inadequate to the situation.

Paul's back was beginning to ache with stooping down, when he heard Adèle call him. She had climbed the top of a little rocky eminence somewhat further up the mountain-side, and there he followed her.

"Oh, Paul!" she said; "if we could only have *that*, how it would burn!"

She pointed to a large sign, made of boards that had once been neatly painted, but now so sun-scorched and weather-beaten that it was not quite easy to make out the lettering, which was as follows:

DESIRABLE BUILDING LOTS
and
ELEGANT VILLA SITES.
LOCATION UNSURPASSED —
ALL MODERN IMPROVEMENTS.

"But, of course," she went on, "it belongs to the owner of the lots, and so we must n't touch it."

"It is a living lie," said Paul. "Stand aside, my dear."

He raised a large round stone above his head, and sent it crashing down upon the sign. Then, silently and firmly gathering up the splintered fragments, he bore them to the creek-side, and in five minutes the poor old sign was expiating its iniquity in dancing flames. Then they made tea, and fried a little bacon, just for the sake of frying something; and, after they had made an excellent meal, they sat down with their backs against a boulder, Paul to smoke his pipe, and Adèle to give him a lesson in the price-list.

But the pipe was beginning to grow black and sweet and highly

enjoyable; and the price-list had long ceased to be anything but the abomination of desolation mentioned in the scriptures, and by-and-by they contented themselves with simply sitting there and watching the sunset, which was making a series of beautiful transformation scenes away down at the lower end of the valley.

Their camping-ground was a little above the winding road up which they had been traveling, and they looked down upon it as they sat against the rock. It was a lonely road, narrow and ill-cared for, and they were greatly surprised when they saw a curious little figure climbing up it. Adèle drew a little closer to Paul.

"Oh, Paul!" she whispered; "it can't be—tramps?"

"I think not," said Paul; "in fact, I am sure. It's only a boy, and he's carrying a bundle."

But Adèle continued to look rather nervously at the dark figure until it came fully into view in the bright sunset light. Then she gave a little sigh of relief and an apologetic laugh.

"How absurd!" she said. "Why, it's only a little Italian boy—and, oh, Paul, dear, do look at what he's carrying!"

The boy was a brown-skinned youngster, thirteen or fourteen years old, with dark, curly hair; and he was bent almost double under the weight of a great burden of tin-ware which he carried on his back—a poor little outfit compared with the Browns', but still a heavy load for a half-grown boy to carry. Yet he trudged cheerily along, whistling and keeping step to his own music; and, as he passed them, he hailed them in a happy childish voice:

"Buona sera!"

"Buona sera!" Paul answered him. And, as the little figure vanished up the road, Adèle called softly after him:

"Buona sera!"

But, as he passed on, they turned to each other with troubled faces.

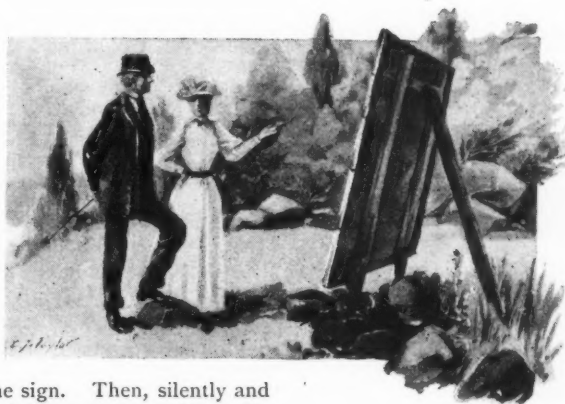
"Oh, Paul," said Adèle, "was n't it pitiful? Such a load, and yet such poor little wretched things!"

"Yes, *by Jove!*" said Paul, knitting his brows.

Then they sat in silence until the light had almost faded from the western sky.

"Oh, Paul," said Adèle, at last, with a long-drawn sigh and a shake of her little head, "I am *so* thankful we forgot those farm-houses!"

(To be continued.)



AT THE ART EXHIBITION.

AUNT JANE.—Well! Did—you—ever?

AUNT MARTHA ANN.—Who—me? Good gracious, no!

A TARIFF REFORMER.

HIRAM DALY.—Mrs. M. E. Grant imports all her servants.

BIDDLES KIP.—Does n't that infringe the law?

HIRAM DALY.—I don't know. She probably thinks they should come in free, as raw materials.

A GOOD GUESS.

"I go to Narragansett Pier every Summer."

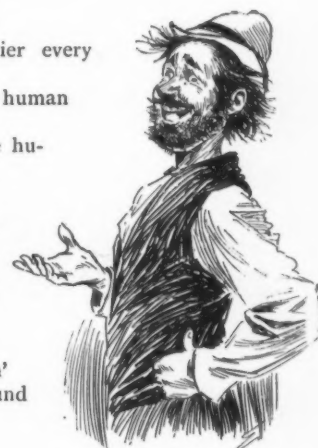
"What for? To see the human form divine?"

"Not exactly. To see the human form dive in."

EQUAL TO THE OCCASION.

WEARY RAGGLES (*suddenly stopping*).—Ooo! Lookie there! Sign says: "Help Wanted." Le's run!

DUSTY RHODES.—You hain't got no business head. Just you pick up that sign an' carry it along, an' I'll foller behind an' pass 'round th' hat.



HE WAS a very intelligent bird,

And learned in an instant each word that he heard;

But when on this parrot the children played pranks,

The remarks that he made were reported in —s. P. McA.

THE INEVITABLE SLOT MACHINE.

Yes; Nellie was a beauty;
Spruce gum and tutti frutti,
I'd often heard her say,
For her had charms not any;
But, when she dropped that penny,
She gave herself away.

A PARTHIAN SHOT.

CLERK OF HOTEL (to DEPARTING GUEST).—Your key, sir.
GUEST (*absently*).—Eh?
CLERK (*gruffly*).—Your key, I said.
GUEST.—Oh! The ball and chain. I left them in the cell.



NOT RAPID TRANSIT.

GOTHAMITE.—Do the trains on your railroad run on time?
SUBURBANITE.—Well, yes—but it comes pretty near to eternity, some trips.

A GREAT CONVERSATIONALIST.

MISS SCADDS.—Do you think Mr. Callow is a good conversationalist?

MISS MUNN.—Oh, yes! Why, the dear fellow can say "Weally now" with fifty-two different inflections.

A DIPLOMATIC ANSWER.

IMPATIENT GUEST.—How long is my steak going to be?

WAITER.—About eight inches, boss—we give big portions here.

A PHILOSOPHICAL LITTLE HEAD.

YOUNG WIFE.—Dear me! I put that plaster of Paris in an old baking-powder can; and now I don't know which is the baking-powder and which is the plaster.

HUSBAND.—What do you want to do?

"I want to mend a lamp."

"Well, you can only tell by experimenting."

"Of course. Why did n't I think of that? I will make two sponge cakes, and put one in one and the other in the other."

THE EXACT LOCATION.

"Where do you stop when you are in New York?"

"Generally at the end of a five-hundred-dollar bill."

NO INSURANCE.

MR. A. TATE LOKAL.—Hear you had a big fire at Lonesomehurst, last night.

MR. KORNOR LOTT.—Yes, sir! You see, the sparks from an engine set fire to the grass, and it burned up five rods of plank walk before we all got together and beat it out with brooms.

OFF THE SCENT.

MR. SOFTDOWN (*tenderly*).—Ah, Miss Hyler, love is the perfume of the human heart!

HELEN HYLER.—That may be; but I don't care for perfumery!

THEIR ATTENTION IS ALWAYS CALLED.

CONGRESSMAN BIGWIG.—Are you a reporter?

SCRATCHLY.—Yes, sir.

CONGRESSMAN.—There was a piece about me in the *Whirald*, yesterday.

SCRATCHLY.—Yes, sir.

CONGRESSMAN.—Well, I wish you would call my attention to it, so that I can deny the statements it contained.

SELF-MADE MEN usually try to make themselves from gold dust.



A GREAT INVENTION.

THE FIRST PURCHASER.—I tell you, my dear; it's a howling success.

A BIT OF DIPLOMACY.

BRIDGET (*applying for situation*).—Oh, yis, Mum! Oi lived in me last place t'ree weeks.

MRS. VAN NOBBS.—And why did you leave?

BRIDGET.—Oi could n't git along wid her; she was owld an' cranky.

MRS. VAN NOBBS.—But I may be old and cranky, too.

BRIDGET.—Cranky ye may be, Mum, fer faces is sometimes decavin'; but owld!—Niver!

(And Bridget got the place.)

WHAT HE CALLED FOR.

STRANGER.—Gimme a drink of four-dollar whiskey.

BAR TENDER.—There you are, sir.

STRANGER (*smacking his lips*).—By George, that's good! How much?

BAR TENDER.—Four dollars.

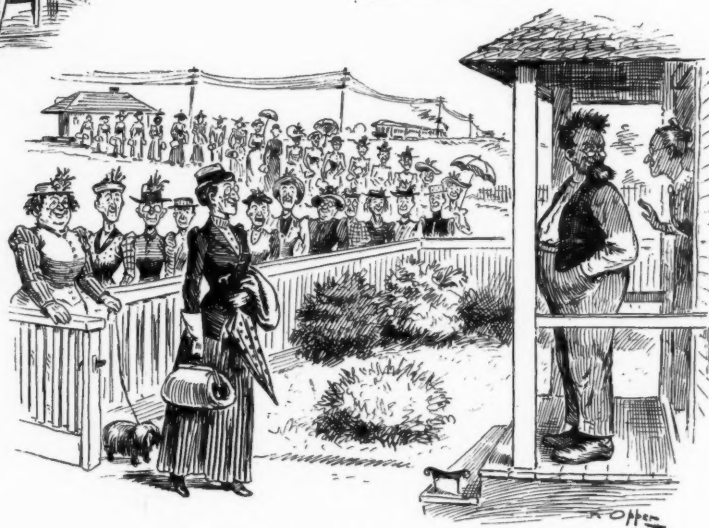
HUMAN NATURE.

If I had sixty millions, what would I
Do with that great and most entrancing store?
I'd take that boodle straight downtown and try
To get with it some sixty millions more.



HE STRUCK THE RIGHT CHORD.

FARMER HARDCROP.—We've got to git some Summer boarders, somehow, Marthy—guess I'll put this in one of them city papers, tomorrow—"Boarders Wanted:—No lady over 25 years of age taken."

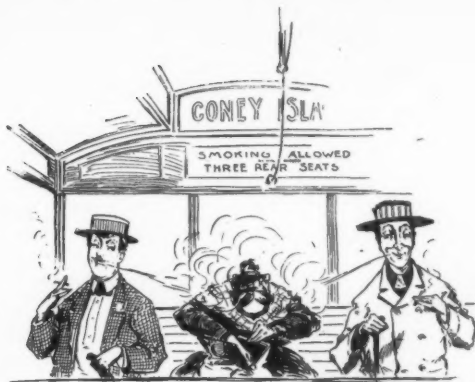


FARMER HARDCROP (*two days later*).—Gosh, Marthy, it's no use talkin'; advertisin' pays!

A BOOMERANG.



When Hoffy and Algy went last week to Coney, They thought for a joke they'd smoke out Mrs. Rooney.



She stood it a while, without making a moan, Then she brought out a dusky dudheen of her own.



She filled it with 'baccy — 't was none of the best — Got some fire "off of" Hoffy, and —

THE OUTLOOK.

Now butchers and merchants
And bankers and bakers
And grocers and barbers
And candlestick-makers,
And florists and artists
And dealers in lumber
Are all looking out for
PUCK'S MIDSUMMER NUMBER.

CAN'T GET OUT.

STOKES. — A New York man went over to Brooklyn one day last week and has n't been able to find his way back since.

MALTBY. — What part of Brooklyn did he go to?

STOKES. — Greenwood.

PROBABLY.

"Kipling says New York reminded him of a pig trough."

"Really? Those New Yorkers must have made him feel quite at home."

"POOR TOM 'S A-COLD."

It is authoritatively announced that Platt will not apply for a patent on his machine.

SQUELCHED.

MR. HENPECK. — I see that Gladstone and the English women have fallen out over Home Rule and Woman's Rights.

MRS. HENPECK (*grimly*). — Well, how can there be any true home rule without woman's rights?



HELD UP.

SHE THREW around my soul a charm,
I threw around her waist my arm,
And we strolled along in the cooling shade
Of a quiet path, where I kissed the maid!
Something strange — a joy, a thrill,
Came over me — my heart stood still,
The red blood rushed — all seemed a whirl,
And a wonderful change came o'er my girl.
Did her brown eyes flash, and a cry of wrath
Echo along that shady path?
Nay, nay; but clinging fast as ivies climb,
She held her head up every time.

GETTING BETTER.

"How is your wife getting on?"

"She's improving slowly. She is not well enough to attend to her household duties yet, but yesterday she was out shopping."

"THAT'S A PRETTY HOW-DY-DO!" remarked Van Snappe after the Delsarte girl graduate had greeted him.



— You know the rest!

surmounted with bows of velvet."

A DIALECT STORY.

"I WISH to gracious," observed Constant Reader, with some display of warmth, "that editors would quit printing these confounded dialect stories. Here 's one I can't make head or tail of, and I doubt if anybody else can."

"Let me see it, dear," cooed Mrs. Reader.

"Oh, it 's of no use. If I can't make anything out of it, you don't suppose you can; do you?"

"Perhaps not; but I 'd like to see it, all the same."

He handed her the paper; and this is what she read:

"Toilet of fancy foulard. The corsage crossed, and of guipure. Little sultane vest held in by baretttes of velvet with bows. High sleeves of foulard, terminated in volants of guipure. Flat skirt, trimmed with a high volant of guipure, surmounted with bows of velvet."

William Henry Siviter.



RUINED.

PROPRIETOR. — What are you taking back, there?

WAITER. — Customer sent this beefsteak back; says he could n't cut it.

PROPRIETOR (*examining it*). — Take it right back to him and tell him he'll have to pay for it. We can never use it again; he has bent it all out of shape.

C.J. Taylor



NEW SUITS FOR THE BIG SWIMMING MATCH.

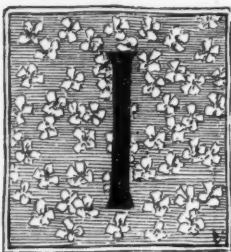
PUCK.



A DEFENSE OF THE MASSES.

"What types do you like to present?"

"I prefer high life, because only within these favored portals have people leisure for the subtler vagaries of sentiment which I take interest in portraying. Ladies and gentlemen lend themselves to more minute analysis. The loves and passions of the Masses are extremely simple in motive, if not in results."



IT IS so easy to speak grandly of "The Masses" without reflecting what they are. I rescued this delicious bit from an interview with Mrs. Van Rensselaer Cruger, in *Kate Field's Washington*. One can hardly tell if it be naive, or simply snobbish.

The Masses have had enough hard things said about them, and I hasten to refute this latest calumny. Mrs. Cruger is woefully in error when she accuses them of abstinence from "the subtler vagaries of sentiment." She apparently would have us believe that her chosen people are constructed after superior models, with rare old Chippendale hearts, gilded livers and highly ornate stomachs; whereas, a search of the records will show that the old set of specifications, reputed to have been drawn up in Eden, has been closely followed in all the subsequent output, in respect to these seats of sentiment.

The Masses indulge in "the subtler vagaries of sentiment" alike with the higher classes. The processes are practically the same, but differ slightly in results. In "high life" the husband of the "lady" vagarist frequently punctures the subtlety of the thing with a revolver. Among the Masses he protests with a cleaver or a beer bottle or some such vulgar weapon. This species of recreation is noticed in high-life by novelists, and styled "the subtler vagaries of sentiment." It is noticed in the Masses by social reformers, and called "disgusting immorality," or "shocking iniquity."

These are the same subtle vagaries that give Sioux Falls its prominence, and inspire clerical reformers to questionable zeal. Fortunately, their practical working is pretty generally discouraged by statutory laws. What delightful *naïveté* — or snobbishness — in Mrs. Cruger, to suppose that the higher classes are peculiarly gifted for the enjoyment of sentiment! or, to think, for a moment, that Herbert Ashcroft, the blasé man of the world, with morals of international flexibility, a single eye-glass and correctly creased trousers, is, or can be, subtler in his vagaries of sentiment than John Doe of the Masses, who works to live. It is true that Don Juan oftener sails a yacht than drives a truck; but the Masses really indulge in "subtle vagaries of sentiment" that are *not* culpable, but are yet subtle enough to appease the most captious stickler for subtlety. Burns was as subtle in his vagaries of sentiment as Shelley, even though his verse is not so elegantly moulded. The higher classes declare for "wine and women;" the Masses for "beer and girls." Both mean the same. That's the good thing about sentiment, subtle or otherwise. Mrs. Cruger's gentleman, with his single-barreled look of impeccable vacuity, thoroughly versed in the ethics of gastronomy and sartorial adornment, has none the best of the check-shirted denizen of "de ate." Indeed, the former may lose some of his portion of sentiment through having constantly to solve the awful problem of collars, sticks, and gloves; while the latter, who does n't have his sentiment trimmed with his beard, enjoys it galore.

The lady novelist imputes a weird complexity to the sentimental vagaries of a "gentleman," solely because of the proper set of his trousers. So, from "ladies and gentlemen" we get tailor-made sentiment in gilt frames, and from the Masses — or, men and women — we get the raw material, unhampered by haberdashery.

The "results" of the loves and pass-



NO DEFINITE INFORMATION.

SEWING MACHINE AGENT.—Lady of the house not in, eh? —will she be back soon?

NATIVE.—Can't say, Stranger —depends on how fur she's gone — the last time I seen her wuz jest afore the cyclone struck here, yisterday.

ions of the Masses are, perhaps, simpler than in the case of the higher classes. The uncultured male Mass, after a wooing as subtle, as full of fancy and color as any Mrs. Cruger has drawn, marries a female Mass, and the result is half-a-dozen little Masses that grow up to be called the "lower classes." The result of the "gentleman's" indulgence in the subtler vagaries of sentiment, is an enlarged stomach, early paresis, and possibly a meagre posterity, which grows up to achieve subtlety through a tailor.

Mrs. Cruger's expressions might be construed as a declaration that an artistically painted piece of moral scrofula is more edifying than as true a delineation of healthy human nature. Yet, I think, this construction would be unfair to her. She probably only meant that she prefers to depict the well dressed man of education and breeding, whom she knows, to the uncultured man, afflicted with large vitality, normal morality, and habitual perspiration, whom she does not know. She has simply imbibed the erroneous notion that baggy trousers and subtlety have no affinity — that subtle sentiment does not nest with contented indigence. It is all right. She has a perfect right to go on drawing people in the approved mode, with abundant means and *papier maché* morality. She may describe a heroine's shoulders and her manner of breathing when agitated, and assert that both are subtle. Plenty of people will believe her, and say, "What a wonderful character study, don't you know! You really can't understand that person; how perfectly subtle!" But she has no right to talk about the Masses in this way, when they have never molested her. There is a little colloquialism of the Masses which, I think, can be fittingly addressed to Mrs. Cruger in this connection. It is that vulgar but pointed exhortation to "come off."

H. L. Wilson.



NO JOKE.

THE MAID (on the barrel).—This novel is just too interesting! I shall stay in this romantic spot until I finish it.

(The reader may see nothing funny about this speech; and, in this respect, he is very much like Brown, who had sought seclusion under the barrel when the maid hove in sight.)

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BORELY.—Mercy, but this is a hot day for June!

CARTON (anxious for a chance to propose).—It is indeed, Borely. Why don't you go down and sit in the ice-house for an hour or two? You'd enjoy it very much. Ethel and I will wait for you here.—*Harper's Bazar.*

"EVEN the hairs of your head are numbered," said the minister.

"Humph!" said Baldy. "Mine must all be in the Four Hundred, then."—*Harper's Bazar.*

THE shadow of a trouble is always blacker than the trouble itself.—*Ram's Horn.*

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HE.—Darling, if I give you such an expensive engagement ring we can't get married so soon.

SHE.—Never mind, dear. For your sake I can wait.—*Harper's Bazar.*



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"Hiawatha"

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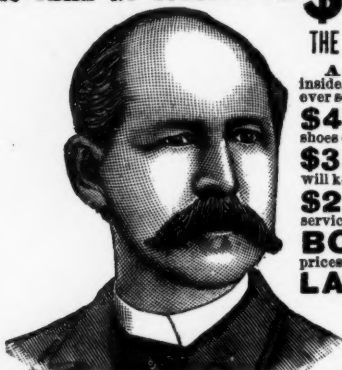
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BABY'S PICTURE.
WIFE.—I'm tired to death. Been having baby's picture taken by the instantaneous process.
HUSBAND.—How long did it take?
WIFE.—About four hours.—*N. Y. Weekly.*

EASY ENOUGH.
MISS BAGLEY.—Yes; but now you must forgive and forget.
MISS FARAWAY.—Oh, I can forgive, but it's not so easy to forget.
MISS BAGLEY.—Nonsense! I can tell you a hundred things I've forgotten.—*Harper's Bazar.*

OPPOSED TO EXERTION.
TATTERED TOM.—Wot y'r sleepin' on that hard log fer, 'stead of on th' soft grass?
WEARIE WILLIE.—Too much trouble ter roll off.—*New York Weekly.*

THE devil gets many a good "boost" from the man who thinks that it is religious to wear a long face.—*Ram's Horn.*



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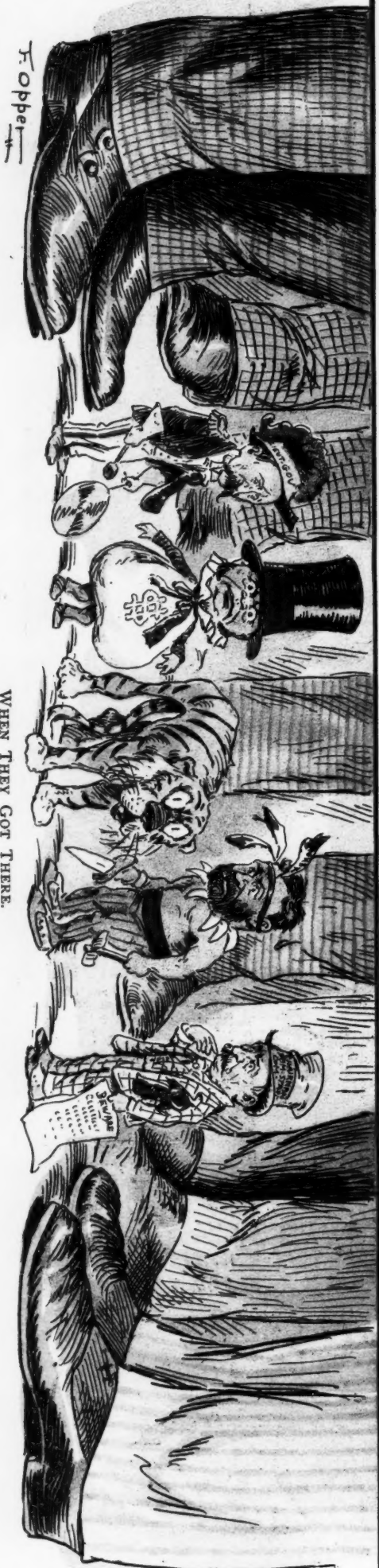
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